The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

VOL. XXIII. BOSTON, JULY 5, 1873. NO. 10.

Fro the Myrtle.

The Dandelion.

PLAIN, unpretended little flower,
I have a mind to sing to thee:
And sing to thee a song of praise,—
Simple and sweet, I'd have it be.

The grassy meads, and lawns all o'er
Look up to heaven, with your bright eyes;
They mind me of the upper vault,
When thousands stars are in the skies.

You mind me of the Atlantic's shore,
Where sky and ocean met a far;
And every wave that rose and fell,
Seemed dancing with a mirrored star.

I wish you'd tell me, little flower,
(The secret I will always keep;)
Why, ere the shades of night come down,
You shut your eyes, and go to sleep?

Perhaps you think the twinkling stars,
Are laughing at your twinkling eyes;
Pray ask the stars why they hide too
Before the sun begins to rise.

I hope, dear flower, you do not grieve,
Because you are not coveted,
That you are often passed in scorn,
Down in your low and grassy bed.

I would not care, my humble flower;
You are fond Nature's lawful child;
While other flowers are nursed with care,
You grow spontaneous, free, and wild.

And yet, I never could make out
Why you were called a "*dandelion*;"
Donning each year your yellow dress,
And then a downy hood to tie on.

I'm sure you are no "lion" dear,
And yet your language is "*intrude*;"
And what the petted flower might do
In you they'd think twas *very rude*.

You never toss your little head,
Nor bow to passers-by, I ween;
Nor throw your perfume on the air
To attract them to your gardens sheen.

Are, yet I love you, little flower
With modest, bright, half hidded bloom,
No grace is like unconscious worth,
And Nature ever finds it room.

Mrs Jane F. Case

For the Myrtle.

Starting in Life.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

CHAPTER II.

THE mother did not sleep that night. When all was still in the house, she fell upon her knees and poured from her sorrowing soul, its full burden of care into the ear of the great Father, whose infinite heart ever beats in sympathy with his suffering children; and as the morning light broke, there came to her heart the peace and trust for which she had prayed; The trust which had sustained her through all the darkest hours of her life, she felt sure it would sustain her now. After the usual duties of the morning were performed, and Mr. Demming, according to custom, had started for the village tavern, his wife began in earnest to make preparations for David's departure.

The first thing to be considered, was his wardrobe—for he was really too ragged and shabby for decency. So she went to a closet and took down a coat which had belonged to her own dear father. It was given to her when he died, to "make over" for one of her boys, but she had reverently kept it until now. She took it carressingly into her hand. Tears came to her eyes, as she thought of the gentle old man who wore it last,

whose white head was laid under the snow one wintry day, three years before. But there was no time now for tender memories, her own boy needed it; how could she make it useful to him?

That was the question. Poor little woman, she has neither time nor skill to do it properly. So she just cut it in two in the middle, took out a piece to make it shorter, then sewed it together again. The sleeves were likewise altered, and the garment thus completed. She was quite triumphant, when she surprised David with his new outfit, and still more so, when in searching about, she also found a pair of his dead grandfather's boots, which though much too large, were considered by both mother and son, as quite a godsend, for even on this cold winter day, David's feet were bare, and surely large boots were better than none at all. So having got these things off her mind, Mrs, Demming proceeded to cook something for her boy to eat on the road.

Her materials were meagre and poor; but her loving hands worked them into forms of cake and pie, such as she knew David liked, then while the gathering tears blinded her eyes as she thought they might be the last she would ever make for him. She put them in the bundle with his one extra shirt and pair of socks, adding a small testament, which her mother had given her the day that David was born; and so the preparations were ended. Meantime the day wore on, and night approached; as the sun was going down, she called David, and giving him all the money she had, (just one sixpence) she bade him go, and to remember, whatever happened to him, always to be honest and truthful and God bearing.

"I promise it" was allthat David could trust himself to reply. He kissed fondly the careworn face that bent over him, and for a moment held in his young strong arms, the thinly clad, wasted form dearer to him than all else in the world, then turned and walked resolutely away.

The poor mother stood in the doorway, gazing after his receding figure. She noticed not his grotesque appearance, dressed as he was in the badly fitting coat of his grandfather's. She only saw and felt that her first born child was leaving his home, almost like a culprit, and going out with all his inexperience, into a life entirely new to him, and beset upon every side with temptations and trials. Shading her eyes with her hand, she looked after him, till his form was lost in the distance, then with a sigh she stepped in, closed the door, and was once more alone with her grief and her God; and there we must leave her for the present and follow David in his wanderings.

At first he scarcely knew where to direct his steps; But he had an idea that it would be best to work his way along down towards some of the large manufacturing towns in Massachusetts. So taking the direction of the "Four Corners," as it was called in his own town, he trudged courageously on. It was quite dark when he reached this point; the sun had set in clouds, and flakes of snow were floating about in the air. Here, four roads met; and as he had never been out of his native place, he was utterly ignorant as to the direction which was best for him to take. After resting awhile, he took a look at the four roads streatching out before him, and facing the spire which arose from among the hills near his home, he made up his mind to follow the road to the left. With new courage he shouldered his pack, and travelled on through the darkness. Wishing to get as far away from home as possible before daylight, so as to evade pursuit if his father should follow him, he resisted all inclination to stop and rest, and though his eyes grew heavy, the firm little wanderer kept resolutely on. Thoughts of his home came to him, and his poor little room in the loft seemed to him in his exausted state like a perfect haven of rest.

But it was a brave young heart that beat under the old man's coat, so rubbing his eyes to keep them open, and throwing his arms together to keep them warm, he had the satisfaction at last, to see the morning light creep over the mountain tops, and with a feeling of exultation he said to himself, "Pretty well for the first pull," I think I must have travelled twenty miles at least. Now, I'll stop and rest myself." So saying he sat down on some rising ground, opened his little bundle and satisfied his hearty boyish appetite with some of the cakes his mother's care had provided for him. Did cakes ever taste to him again like those; I wonder?

With inward satisfaction, he sat eating and drinking, when all at once there came a consciousness, that he had seen this place before. He looked again; he rubbed his eyes to see if he was awake. Yes, surely he was *not* dreaming; In the distance he could see a spire which looked strangely familiar. Could it be his own village spire? and was not that Dea. Bird's farm stretching out over yonder hill? It was, indeed. The poor lad had travelled all night long, and in the morning found himself again at the "Four Corn-

ers," just where he was the night before. In the bewildering darkness, he had unconsciously continued to take a left hand direction, which of course made a complete circuit, and brought him back to his starting point.

Here was a dilemma. A sense of weariness and discouragement came upon him, and he asked himself whether it would not be better to go home after all and give up his undertaking. How could he travel all over the weary ground again? But the thought of his mother, and how much he could do for her by perseverance, together with a boyish dread of his father's anger at the discovery of his attempted flight, banished all his irresolution, and creeping off into a sheltered place he resolved to lie there concealed until night, then start once more. So with his bundle under his head for a pillow, he lay down to rest. In a little while all his troubles were forgotten in the sweet, unbroken slumber of youth: and when at last he awoke, the day was nearly over and another starless night approaching.

Johnny's Lesson.

JOHNNY, come here and look at the cat!
Notice how nicely she washes her face;
Now rubbing this cheek, now rubbing that,
Carefully putting each hair in its place.
Johnny, you dear, little dirty elf,
Don't you feel a little ashamed of yourself?

Her hands she takes next—now, Johnny, look there!
Carefully—daintily—see her scrub!
Now she arranges her soft, silken hair,
And her tail and her ears have an extra rub
She owns neither looking-glass, towel nor comb,
Yet she keeps herself neat, abroad and at home.

Johnny, what do you think of this?
With that smile on your bright little smutty face,
I declare there is not a spot I can kiss!
And you know that your hair is never in place,
No wonder your hands in your pockets go!
You're ashamed of them, Johnny, you are, you know!

Playing with marbles down on your knees,
Grubbing for angle worms under the ground,
Riding the fences and climbing the trees,
You're the dirtiest fellow anywhere round.
You know you are, Johnny; you need not look hurt!
You know you delight to play in the dirt.

O Johnny! O Johnny! what shall I do?
Is the question that puzzles me evening and morn;
With a dear loving little fellow like you,
Who is always dirty, and tumbled, and torn.
Johnny, if you don't do better than that,
I believe I shall send you to school to the cat.

"THE men of principle should be the principal men."

A Real Gentleman.

A few years ago I was walking through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing baseball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old, a pale, sickly-looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as baseball.

His companions good-naturedly enough, tried to persuade him to stand aside, and let another take his place. I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way; but they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy," said one at last, you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another, the tallest boy in the party. "Never mind, I'll run for him, and you can count for him;" and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said aside to the other boys, "you would not want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true little gentleman.—*Child's World.*

Games.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.—The leader of the game says to Miss Gaston, "Would you like to go to California?" "Yes." "What will you take?" "Grapes." Miss Caroll, sitting next her, is questioned in the same way; and to make her passage sure, she says she will take grapes. To her surprise she is told she can't go.

Mr. Percival says he will take peaches, and he can go. Mr. Wainwright says he will take walnuts, and he can go. Mr. Smith, (painfully undecided between peaches and walnuts) chooses the former, and is informed that he can't go. "I'll take walnuts, then," he exclaims. "No, you can't go with walnuts." He grumbles at the favoritism, and shouts "I'll take a hen." "You can't go." Miss Hamilton, who sits next him, and understands the game, completes his desperation by being told that she can go when she says she will take a hen. After a few rounds, most of the players will discover that the successful article commences with the same letter as the initial of the traveler's surname.

The Child on the Ocean.

MOTHER, how sma'l a thing am I
Rocked on t'e restless sea!
I ask when gazing on the sky,
Can God remember me?
How sole nly the stars appear,
Upon the broad blue deep!
Then mighty songs I seem to hear,
As they their vigils keep

How beautiful the moon to see,
Walk proudly through the night,
Unshadowed by a single tree,
To mar her queenly light!
How brilliant is the track we mark
As leaps our vessel on,—
A rival light that cheers the dark,
When stars and moon are gone!
Mother, *I* am a feeble thing,
Mid scenes so vast and grand,
"My child, yon *thoughts* can o'er them spring,
Your *mind* can all command."

Caroline Gilman.

For the Myrtle.

Timmy's Rabits.

LITTLE Timmy was a farmer's boy, a merry, romping fellow he was, yet given to more sober moments than many boys of his age. He was always ready for games or play, but oftener you would find him in his father's workshop with hammer and saw, making his mother a flower-box or himself an arrow-gun. Whenever he was left to himself he was sure to be busy, either making a squirrel-cage or fixing up a dove-cot or perhaps building a bird-house; for Timmy was very fond of animals. His father's large farm gave him a nice chance to have a great many pets; so that when his city cousins came to see him, as they did every summer, he always had quite a menagerie to exhibit. And now, I want to tell you how he made a valuable addition to it one day, and what came of it.

It was in the summer that he was twelve years old. He was now large enough to make himself

useful, and worked with the men in the fields. One day as he was out with the mowers spreading hay, he came near a large hedge; when he spied a large rabbit bounding through it. "Oh! what a fine fellow! How I wish I had him," he thought. Just that instant he felt a hollow place in the ground under his bare feet; and clearing away the grass he found three young rabbits cuddled together in the ground. "Here is a prize" said he, "These are worth more than the old ones," and he clapped his palm-leaf hat over them.

Now as Timmy sat down beside them to think what to do about it, the more he thought the more he was puzzled; for these were the first rabbits he had ever found and how to handle them was a question. He had caught squirrels in traps and been bitten by them too, and that was the reason he waited a little before he could decide to pick up the rabbits. In fact he didn't quite dare to do it. So he called his father to come and help him. Now his father was one of those men who often forget that they themselves were once boys, and so think "the boy" must work about as steadily and have as little amusement as an old, sober man. So he told Timmy the rabbits would take care of themselves and that he had better keep on spreading. Timmy had expected some such reply; but he was not going to give up the rabbits.

A little more thinking made the way clear. Placing his spreading stick on the hat, he went to the hedge and finding two heavy sticks, laid them over the hole, leaving a place for fresh air to get in. Then he went about his work with a zest, but all the while planning the rabbit house he should have to build.

At noon-time he brought a covered basket out to the field, and having been told that he need not fear their teeth, he easily put them in to the basket, and brought them home in triumph.

He kept them in the basket for a while, until one rainy day he did not have to work, then made a nice cozy house for them. They were nearly grown so they could eat clover and drink milk, but were very shy. However, Timmy expected to tame them in a short time.

But we shall see that he had some difficulties to meet. He did not provide for these very well, for when he built the house for them he made it to sit upon the ground instead of putting it upon legs or a stand. And the front bars were spread so wide that a cat's paw would easily pass through, and that other mouser, the weasel, could elbow his wiry body right through, without saying so much as "by your leave." This was very poor architecture as Timmy found to his sorrow.

For one night he left them on the ground in the back yard and when he went to feed them in the morning a little blood was enough to tell to what a sad end the rabbits came.

Timmy felt very badly and started to give Tabby a severe scolding, but she purred so innocently that he concluded Mr. Weasel was the guilty one. But afterwards he thought, if the blame were to be divided between them, he himself should have to take the greater part. At any rate he never tried rabbit taming again.

Cousin Percy.

The Last Butterfly.

WHERE are you going, O butterfly bright?
Fly to some shelter before it is night!
Not a syllable answered she.
But she cried in a fret,
Like a spoiled little pet,
As she hastily brushed by me:

"Mullein-stalk, mullein-stalk, tell me, I pray,
When the last butterflies fluttered this way!
Come, come, can't you talk?"
Creaked the tall mullein-stalk:
"Before my juices
Forgot their uses."

"Pine-trees, pine-trees, whispering low,
When did you see the last butterflies go?"
Sang the pines
All in lines;
"Ere these cones on the ground
Lay scattered around."

"Iron-bush, tell me before I'm quite dead,
When the last butterfly lit on your head!"
Said the iron-bush: "I think,
When my blossoms were pink."

"Maple, decked with a golden crown,
Kindly toss me an answer down,
When the butterflies flew?
Now mind, tell me true!"
Laughed the maple, "Before I grew
Yellow like you!"

"Pity me, pity me, murmuring spring;
My question to you for the last time I bring,
Have the butterflies flown,
And left me alone?"
The spring shed a tear
Of condolence sincere,
And replied: "I'm convinced it is some time, my dear,
Since I last had the pleasure of seeing them here!"

The butterfly shivered,
Her dainty wings quivered,
And she drew a lugubrious sigh,
As she sank on a rock
Overcome with the shock,
And the next think she did was—to die!

Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—The story of "Our Sunday Schools" will be all of Children's Sunday for some time to come. The ceremony of dedicating the children to God and his service does not belong strictly to the Sunday School, but it has so close a connection with the "nursery" of the church that it is not outside of our province to give it special notice. We present such account of services thus far as we have been able to gather.

—Children's Sunday was observed at the Columbus Avenue church, June 15. The altar was decorated with flowers, and the service made special for the occasion.

CONNECTICUT.

—The opera which has been some months in preparation by the choir and Sunday School of Rev. Mr. Skinner's Church in Hartford, came off Thursday and Friday evenings of the third week in May. Those who heard it pronounce it a very fine affair. We copy the following notice of it from the *Daily Courant*. The Operetta at Allyn Hall, given by the young folks of the Church of the Redeemer last evening, attracted a large and delighted audience, and was considerably improved on this, its second presentation. It was announced at the close that it would be repeated in the same place on Monday evening uext, for the special accommodation of the children at Hartford. The prices of admission will be thirty-five and twenty-five cents. The pleasing character of the entertainment itself, and the really excellent manner in which it is put upon the stage with all its vocal and instrumental parts finely performed make it especially attractive to the young, and there is every inducement why there should be a full house on Mondoy evening.

NEW YORK.

—A very happy occasion was Children's Sunday in the Centenary Chapel, Brooklyn, which was observed on the afternoon of June 15. The chapel wore the customary floral livery which tasteful and thoughtful hands had given, for the day; the Sunday School was present in full force, and a large company of adult members of the Society were in attendance. Besides the usual service of dedication and suitable remarks by the Rev. I. M. Atwood, a chief feature of the occasion was the rendering of the beautiful Scriptural piece, "The Decoration of the Altar," which appeared in the May *Helper*, by twenty young ladies of the School. A more interesting or beautiful introduction to the observance of Children's Sunday could not well be conceived; and its rendering by the Centenary School misses did it ample justice.

—Children's Sunday was a very interesting day in Bristol. The prstor, Rev. H. Jewell, was assisted in the services by Dr. W. C. Hicks and Deacon R. Simmons, who made appropriate addresses.

— Children's Sunday was observed in Nunda on the 8th. The church was beautifully decorated tor the occasion. The pastor's infant daughter was baptized. In the evening the children gave a concert which reflected great credit on the School.

—Children's Sunday was appropriately observed in Troy, on the 15th. Thirteen children were baptized.

NEW JERSEY.

—Cihldren's Sunday was appropriately celebrated at Irvington, on the 15th. The room was elegantly decorated with evergreens, flowers and birds. The day was devoted to the children, and the occasion was indeed a happy one. The services consisted of singing, which was rendered more impressive by the voices of the birds; recitations by scholars, exhortations by Rev. B. L. Bennett, also the baptism of three "little ones." The room was filled to overflowing, and the sentiment expressed by "Aunt Dorcas," "that if ever there was a paradise on earth it was there," was responded by many.

OHIO.

—Children's Sunday was observed at Norwich on the 15th. The service used was that prepared for our Sunday Schools by he *Sunday School Helper*, of May.

PENNSYLVANIA.

— Children's Sunday was observed at the Church of the Restoration, Philadelphia, on Sunday, the 8th of June. The church was beautifully and elaborately decorated with flowers, evergreens and living plants, and was crowded with children, parents and friends. As a part of the appropriate and impressive services, twenty-four children were dedicated by the pastor, Rev. B. F. Bowles.

—Children's Sunday was observed by our church in Reading, Pa. The altar was profusely decorated with flowers. The singing was by the Sunday School. The sermon of the pastor was to the children, to which they listened with the closest attention. Three infants were baptised. In the evening, a Sunday School concert was held, and the audience room of the church was crowded. The day was perfect, and all agree that it was the best Children's Sunday service, ever, held in that city.

KANSAS.

— Children's Sunday was celebrated in Seneca on Sunday, June 8th. The church was handsomely decorated with flowers and mottoes. The "Decoration Service," from the *Helper* for May, given under the direction of the Assistant Superintendent, Mrs. R. M. Bartlett, was very beautiful and impressive. Twenty young girls, dressed in white, placed the symbols upou the altar.

ILLINOIS.

— A letter from the Superintendent of our School at Urbana, sending pay in advance for a large club of MYRTLES concludes: "Our school is prospering, Sunday June 15, being the second anniversary of the dedication of our church we shall communicate as Children's Sunday. Last year we had the same service which passed off pleasantly. We shall endeavor to continue it on each anniversary. Quite a number of children will be dedicated to the church and we anticipate an interesting service to all who attend."

Sunday School Libraries.

The attention of Sunday Schools about purchasing books for their libraries, is called to the fresh and fine stock of books for sale by the Universalist Publishing House. All the books have been carefully examined, and we offer no books to Sunday Schools which contain sentiments not in harmony with the faith of Universalists. Selections have been made from the publications of all booksellers. Should it be more convenient to send for books than to make a selection personally, we are confident of giving perfectly satisfactory selections.

The Myrtle for 1872-3.

The volume of THE MYRTLE for 1872-3 has just closed, and bound volumes of it are for sale at the Universalist Publishing House. Price, $1 50.

Those who have saved the numbers for the year, can have them bound in the fine style of the volume of last year, for 75 cents.

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XVI.—JOHN.

NOTE. Although Peter denied his Master, we found him and John as true friends and brethren, associating together after the crucifixion and burial of Christ.

Question. — When must they have been together again?

Answer. — Acts ii. 1,

Q. — To what place did they go together after the feast of Pentecost?

A. — Acts iii. 1.

Q. — What did the Sadduces do with them for preaching the resurrection of Jesus?

A. — Acts iv. 3.

NOTE. The Sadduces denied a resurrec ion from the dead, the existence of spirits and a future life. Therefore, when they saw so many converts made to the belief in the resurrection of Christ, they were determined to stop the preaching of that doctrine.

Q. — When asked upon the trial, by what power they had wrought the miracle of healing the lame man, what did they boldly declare?

A. — Acts iv. 10.

Q. — When the council charged Peter and John to teach no more in the name of Jesus, what did they say?

A. — Acts iv. 19, 20.

Q. — What did the council do to them?

A. — Acts iv. 21.

Q. — What aroused the opposition of the sadduces again?

A. — Acts v. 15, 16.

Q. — What did the Sadduces have done to Peter and John?

A. — Acts v. 18.

Q. — How were they released from prison?

A. — Acts v. 19.

Q. — Where did the officers of the law find them?

A. — Acts v. 25.

Q. — What did the officers do with them?

A. — Acts v. 26, 27.

Q. — When the council inquired why they had not obeyed instructions, what did they reply?

A. — Acts v. 29

Q. — When the council found that it could not lawfully condemn them, what did it order done?

A. — Acts v. 40.

Q. — How did Peter and John receive the treatment?

A. — Acts v. 41

Hidden Seed

Enigma. No. 1.

I am composed of 80 letters.
My 76, 62, 8, 9, 36, 73, 10, 56, 68 made silver shrines.
My 46, 1, 19, 80, 69 22, 41, 53 is a town in Asia Minor.
My 25, 40, 56, 66, 15 was a son of Abraham.
My 48, 59, 42, 23, 64, 38 was the name of a queen of Persia.
My 27, 3, 35, 29 was a son of Lamech.
My 2, 13, 60, 65 57, 49, 8, 8, 4, 31 was a city given to the Levites.
My 77, 72, 44, 50. 34, 11, 7, 17, 16, 28 is a sea in Galilee.
My 79, 59, 54, 10, 5. was the son of Jessie.
My 14, 21, 70, 72, 8 was a city of Judah.
My 12, 30, 20, 20, 1, 15 was a city of the Ammonites.
My 33, 24, 68, 61 was the son of Benjamin.
My 39, 47, 63, 75, 26, 46, 69, 56, 42 was a Roman centurion.
My 52, 72, 68, 18, 56, 11 was a successor of Felix.
My 58, 66, 39, 15, 9, 70 was a daughter of Laban.
My 62, 6 4, 25 was a son of Seth.
My whole is found in Proverbs.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of 23 Letters.
My 1, 18, 3, 18 17, 2. 18 23 was a Jewish highpriest.
My 2, 9, 21, 11, 13, was found in the skeleton of a lion
My 7, 23, 22, 2, 20, 19 is a book in the Old Testament.
My 23, 18, 15. 4 was a king.
My 18, 10, 3, 7, 4 was the grandfather of Saul.
My 11, 8, 5, 14, 6, was a town in Galilee.
My 22, 2, 12, 18, 22, 3, 16, 18 was the city of Lydia.
My whole is a command given to all.

THE MYRTLE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

37 Cornhill, Boston.

BENTON SMITH, Agent.

TERMS—PAYMENT TO BE MADE IN ADVANCE.

Single copy, or less than ten, **75** cents per year.

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